MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. JULY, 1913 No. 5

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EMMA GOLDMAN - - - - PUBLISHER
ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - EDITOR
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MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. VIII **JULY, 1913** **No. 5**

SONG OF THE VIGILANTES.

PIN on the Stars and Stripes, boys,
We're going to have a time;
We're charging out with jingo shout,
To wade in mud and slime;
Somebody made a speech for right,
And hinted wrong was wrong;
Pin on the flag, boys, pin it tight,
And sing the old mob song.

CHORUS.

Oh, wear your Country's flag, boys,
And make your roaring brag, boys,
We love the law! We eat 'em raw!
Pin on the Stars and Stripes.

Pin on the Stars and Stripes, boys,
And heat the tar red hot;
Let weapons flash, bring white hot ash
And hasten to the spot.
Somebody's come to town who thinks,
And doesn't think like us;
Pin on the flag and take your drinks,
We'll fix the little cuss.

Pin on the Stars and Stripes, boys,
The Anarchists are out;
Fix up the dope and fetch a rope,
And put them all to rout.
Lord save us from the Anarchists!
They don't believe in law;

So hit about with club and fists,
On head and back and jaw.

Pin on the Stars and Stripes, boys,
A woman's coming here;
Oh, make your brag and wave the flag,
Let go a mighty cheer.
She thinks earth might be better, boys,
We've sworn to mob such types;
We're going to lynch a woman, boys,
Pin on the Stars and Stripes.

PERFECT LIBERTY THE BEST OF ALL

MEN are very quick to repudiate submission to a man; but when the slavery comes in the guise of submission to law or custom or to a government not directly personal, they are very likely not to recognize it. The divinity which was formerly thought to hedge a king is now thought to hedge laws and to sanction them. But a life minutely regulated by laws and customs may be essentially as far from a free life as one regulated by the will of a despot. The statement frequently put forward as an axiom that men must sacrifice many of their liberties in order that they may live together is not true; that they *have* sacrificed them is certain; but to say that they *must,* betrays a confusion of thought. A man cannot walk through a crowded street as he would walk through one that is deserted, but neither can he walk through a tangled forest with the same freedom with which he would walk through an open meadow; and yet he can hardly be said to sacrifice his freedom in walking through a tangled forest. His liberty would be restricted in any of these places if another man should approach him and force him to turn back, whether the man happened to be a private citizen or a public officer, and the act would be tyrannical whether the officer acted in accordance with the will of a despot or with the will of the people or with the law.

The ideal of freedom is at present far from being realized. We have "political freedom," but who does

not know that it is a miserable substitute and a deception?

Two things, both due to the imperfect conception of personal liberty, conspire to prevent the realization of this ideal—aggressions of individuals upon one another and aggressions of the state upon the liberties of the individuals. The state is supposed to prevent the former, but it does it very badly. In addition to its failure to do what it is supposed to do, it insists upon doing many things which it should not do; the result, naturally, being far from satisfactory.

Freedom implies that if a man is doing anything which does not threaten the freedom of others, no man and no body of men have any right to interfere with him. "What," cry many of our philanthropic friends, "if we are fully persuaded that a certain act is for a man's own advantage and for that of society, while another act is greatly for his disadvantage, shall we not compel him to do the one and to abstain from doing the other?" No, for it is of more importance that the principle of freedom shall be preserved than that what you are persuaded is for the best shall be enforced.

This, of course, simply amounts to saying that freedom will yield better results in the long run than slavery. Some three hundred years ago an ecclesiastical tribunal was sitting to decide concerning certain opinions published by the individual. They found the opinions pernicious and, being unable to convince the author by arguments of reason, "Let us," they cried, "apply torture, if perchance we may win him away from his error. It is certainly better that his body suffer for a time than that his soul should burn throughout eternity. The church will be acting with the kindest and most merciful intentions." The torture was applied, but without success. "This pestilent heretic obstinately refuses to recant. If we let him go, he will spread his baleful doctrines and entice many from the true faith. Shall we not choose rather that one man burn than that the souls of many perish everlastingly? To the stake with him." What arguments could be stronger? And yet most of us are convinced that they are unsound. So are all arguments for constraining a man for his own good. It is vastly more reasonable to compel men to follow their

eternal welfare than to compel them for their temporal welfare. The latter they may be trusted to see and follow of themselves.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE inhabitants of this war-inflicted planet will rejoice at the news from The Hague, the spot immortalized by his gracious majesty, Saint Nicholas. A monument, dedicated to the world's peace and the Czar's manifesto, will be unveiled there next month, and the festivities will be graced by such great lovers of peace as the Czar, our own beloved Andrew Carnegie, and others too numerous to mention. The ironies of life were never more aptly expressed or manifested than they will be on this occasion. Never perhaps since the Napoleonic wars has the world seen so much bloodshed as the decade just passed, the beginning of which saw the so-called peace conference called at the Hague by Nichalos, the assassin. No one man of modern times, except it be Napoleon, is responsible for as much blood and as many tears as this same Nicholas. Not only responsible for bloody Sunday, when men and women were mowed down like wheat before the scythe of the reaper, he has earned for himself an immortality exceeded possibly only by Nero. An enumeration of his crimes would be like describing the shambles of an abattoir, with this difference—when cattle are slaughtered they are killed outright and their sufferings mitigated as much as possible. Whereas in this case the sufferings of the Czar's victims are prolonged for years under the most inconceivable circumstances. Not only has the soil of Russia been drenched with blood, but a great part of Europe and Asia, since the "peace" manifesto was issued. The wars between Japan and Russia, Turkey and Italy, Turkey and the Balkan States, the struggle in Mexico, to say nothing of our own dear Philippine hunt and the labor struggles all over the world, make of this "peace" monument the most ghastly mockery and stamps those who assemble there as the arch hypocrites of modern times!

In connection with the above it is of interest to hear that the French Chamber of Deputies has been discussing the raising of the term of military service from two to

three years and the vote on this subject was such as to give heart to the powers that be. They are taking steps to suppress all opposition to their measures, and have arrested twelve secretaries and treasurers of syndicalist organizations on charges of inciting soldiers to disobedience. Among those arrested in Paris were Marck, secretary of the General Confederation of Labor; Monteron, secretary of the Omnibus Drivers' Union; Dalstein, secretary of the Electricians' Union, and two officials of the Carpenters' Union. Verily, as Thomas Paine would say, "these are the times that try men's souls." To live in the midst of such brutality, hypocrisy and slavery needs courage.

* * *

THAT religion exists and thrives on ignorance and moral inertia can not be doubted when millions of men worship at the shrine of an ignorant peasant and call him Pope. This man insults the intelligence of men to a greater extent than any Pope for generations, and yet, to use a slang phrase, "he gets away with it." His latest act of stupidity has been cabled to us as follows: "The Pope has received in private audience Wm. J. Burns, the detective, and, after giving him his blessing, told him he was devoting his life to the establishment of justice." The meanest of men, a man-hunter, and for pay, is told he has been, and is, devoting his life to the establishment of justice. Faugh! It makes one sick to think that men accept the dictums of such a creature when it is apparent to all that the praise bestowed on such a slimy creature as Burns is based entirely on the fact that his methods help in a small way to debauch the public mind and keep men in slavery.

* * *

THE situation in West Virginia is beginning to have an unpleasant odor, and if the truth comes out, as we have no doubt it will very shortly, it will be found that the leaders of the great uncompromizers, the Socialists, will have been found to have made a deal with the powers that be. According to the *Call* of July 3rd, we learn that less than 20 per cent of miners in the Cabin Creek and Paint Creek coal fields have resumed work, and the reasons given are that the men repudiate

the so-called settlement made by National Board Member, Thomas Haggerty, with the operators and the Governor. After the whitewashing of the latter by Debs and Berger, referred to in our last issue, some such action was very naturally expected. It will be the greatest of pities if, after all the suffering the miners have endured to obtain the small concessions they fought for, they should find themselves betrayed by their cowardly leaders and robbed of their hard-earned victory. We trust they will persevere in the struggle and feel sure they will emerge triumphant in the end.

* * *

THE "foreign" jury in the case of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn has been properly divided, as all things foreign are. By a vote of nine to three, they decided she was not guilty of having incited to riot at Paterson. The jury having disagreed, she will have to be tried all over again, and as the prosecuting attorney is determined to do his full duty to the mill owners of Paterson, the new trial will be rushed forward as quickly as possible, with the hope of a conviction for its moral effect on the strikers. We are indebted to the New York *Sun* for the information that the vote for acquittal was nine to three; for, strange as it may seem, the Socialist *Call* did not deem that fact of sufficient importance to incorporate in its report of the trial. Patrick L. Quinlan, who was convicted on the same charge as Miss Flynn, as some of our readers may remember, had a similar experience in that the first jury disagreed; the second brought in a verdict of guilty. Sentence has been suspended on him, and for over a month he has been making speeches to the strikers and trying to arouse sympathy for them elsewhere. He, with others, was in the court room awaiting the verdict in Miss Flynn's case, when Judge Kleinert saw him and had him haled before him for judgment. He was sentenced to an indeterminate term of from two to seven years at hard labor and rushed back to jail to serve his Fourth of July there, so that he could reflect on the beauties and glories of our country. Since he is a victim of oppression, we are bound to protest against the condemnation of Quinlan and call on all liberty-loving men and women of whatever creed, craft, nationality or political belief, to protest

against his condemnation and to work for his release. At the same time, we can have nothing but the deepest regret that a man like Quinlan strayed into the labor movement or the radical fold. Writing in the New York *Call* of July 4th, the day after his sentence (the article was of course written before he had been sentenced), he spoke as follows:

"The fool, fraud, crank or grouch who sees no good in political action in controlling municipalities, is confronted with the Paterson desert and the Haledon oasis.

"The person who would deny the utility of political action and be aware of the incidents that occurred at Lodi, Dundee, Paterson and Ipswich would deny the rotundity of the earth or the law of gravitation.

"He or she who would ignore or condemn, or belittle political action after being to Haledon, the Socialist borough, suffers from a diseased mind or an undeveloped brain, or is a traitor to the workers."

After such a diatribe it requires nothing short of heroism to overcome our repugnance to such an individual and work for his release. We are not sure we can act the part, but we will try. Suffering from a diseased brain, according to the judgment of Quinlan, our efforts may amount to little and even that little may not be acceptable to him. We sincerely hope, however, that the efforts of those who are working and will work for Quinlan's release will be crowned with success. To confound and defeat the forces of reaction is the first task. After that, Mr. Quinlan. In the meantime, to work!

* * *

THE strike at Paterson drags its weary way after eighteen weeks and the men and women have tightened their belts again and again and seemed determined to see the thing through. Such heroism must not fail for lack of support, and we trust all friends of freedom will aid these courageous men and women in their struggle. The strike at Ipswich, Mass., is still on and the same tale of brutality as at Lawrence, Little Falls, Paterson and many other places must be told. One woman striker was killed and ten more men and women are in the hospital from the brutal clubbing and bullet wounds of the police. Nineteen men and girls are in prison under charge of rioting. The charge of murdering their

own comrade has been dropped, as the district attorney learned from the experience at Lawrence that such a charge would only weaken the case. We regret to see that the *Ipswich Defense League, P. O. Box 282, Ipswich, Mass.,* in appealing for help, says the strikers were engaged in peaceful picketing when they were attacked. We do not doubt the statement: it usually happens so. What we regret is that the strikers have not learned by this time that peaceful picketing is just what the capitalists want. We are not the most optimistic of persons, but we cherish the hope (hug the illusion, might be a better expression) that one day we will hear of strikers advocating a different kind of picketing than peaceful picketing: that when a strike-leader arrested for inciting to riot is tried, he will brush aside all these cheap attempts at invoking sympathy and attempts to confuse the issue; that he or she will decline the proffered aid of a skillful lawyer and say to the judge and jury: "Yes, I did advocate riot against the rotten conditions that prevail in this community. I would consider myself less than a man if I failed to do it. I am a revolutionist and advocate the destruction of your system. If it is a crime to tell people to fight for their rights, and in that fight destroy, if necessary, *the product of their own toil,* then I am a criminal and deserve condemnation. Every law on your statute books represents a crime against humanity. These laws interfere with man and his right to be free, and, as life without freedom means stagnation and death, I am opposed to your laws and will fight them to the end."

This is a dream, of course—but then dreams *do* come true.

* * *

ROOSEVELT, the arch demagogue, is at his old tricks again and shows that he is determined not to be crowded out of first place in the newspapers. Speaking at the three days conference of the National Progressive party, held at our ultra-fashionable seaside resort, Newport, he announces he is "fighting anarchy, against the Socialism of the I. W. W., and in favor of law and order and for property." That he has been fighting against anarchy we have suspected for some time, and we congratulate our friends of the I. W. W. that he has

included them in his list of things undesirable. He conveys the impression by implication that he is not fighting the socialism of Berger, Debs and Hillquit, which is further reasons for congratulation. Our blessings be with him and his campaign, and we hope he may one day be a member of the National Executive of the S. P.

While the chief was haranguing the faithful at Newport, his "angel" and financier of the Progressive party, George W. Perkins, of the International Harvester Trust, was holding forth at Sagamore Beach, Mass. There was a sociological conference in session, and Brother Perkins seized the opportunity to tell the delegates that profit-sharing was a phase of Socialism, because it widely diffused the earnings of industry. As to the possibility of establishing Socialism and destroying the wage system he, like all practical (?) men, was rather skeptical. We can not find it in our heart to blame him, his income is enough to impair any man's vision and create indigestion of the imagination. The *Call*, from whose columns we extract this bit of information, did not deem it of sufficient importance to tell us any more about the conference other than, "Arturo Giovannitti, of the I. W. W., followed Perkins in discussing the labor problems of the day." We hope Giovannitti was properly respectful to a man with the income of Perkins. We can not always be sure, however, as wealth and power have a most potent tendency to obscure the judgments of men and women. That very brilliant woman, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, writing in her magazine, "The Forerunner," for July, is at present in England, and concerning the Suffrage Movement, says: "There is a strong and earnest body of suffragists known as The Church League, men and women. Of the men I have heard two of their speakers, canons of the church, and the power and sincerity of their words was tremendously effective. There is good hope for women when men of this calibre recognize their needs and come forward to help them." When such a remarkable woman as Mrs. Gilman is, in very many respects, can be so influenced, it shows the immense physiological power that habit and tradition have on the human mind. The worthy canons of the church have no more desire to help women than they had to help men. What they desire is to sidetrack the movement and,

failing that, to be in on the victory. When women get the vote the church desires, as it always has desired, to claim credit for the victory, and then guide the efforts and activities of women into church channels. The movement of the Perkins tribe are for the same purpose, and are equally dangerous.

* * *

FRIENDS and sympathizers of the Francisco Ferrer Association will be glad to learn that one dream has been realized. A summer day school has been established at the Ferrer Center, 63 East 107th street, with our good friend, Cora Bennett Stephenson, in charge; and from all accounts the children are in love with the teacher and her methods. Getting a proper teacher for a Modern School is even more difficult than finding an honest man. There are innumerable people with radical ideas who would like to teach, but are totally unfitted for the task, and there are still more people able to ladle out the old rot but have no conception of what freedom means. Those friends and sympathizers who grew cold because they felt the association was not making any progress should call and get acquainted with the new teacher and lend a hand in the work that she is trying to do.

THE CASE OF JACOB OPPENHEIMER

By ED. MORELL.

IN DISCUSSING the case of Jacob Oppenheimer,* known to the world through the infamous title "The Tiger of the Prison Cage," given him by a thoughtless and sensation-loving press, there is one point I wish to make plain.

Being the only person living to whom he has given friendship and confidence, I feel that it is my duty to give to the world this other side, explaining the causes which have finally brought this unfortunate man to the last stand.

---

* The prisoner, already twice sentenced to death in the State of California. His execution has so far been delayed, owing to the strong movement in his behalf, headed by Ed. Morell.

Let us start at the beginning, following this man back from where he stands to-day—this "Tiger of the Prison Cage"—to a mere chap of a boy on the district messenger force of San Francisco. Let us see what we can unfold in the causes—I may say—the overpowering and impelling causes that have forced this appalling and miserable existence on a human being.

Naturally endowed with so many sterling traits that under a good and wholesome home influence, coupled with a strong moral environment, all things might have been possible to this boy's life.

When Oppenheimer first came under the ban of the law, it was in defense of resenting an act of injustice, and when he stood face to face with his tormenter in the court, he refused to take advantage of the situation that led to the shooting which undoubtedly would have established an extenuating circumstance as a motive for the assault.

But to do so would have brought the name of a young woman in question. And young Oppenheimer disdained to do this, regarding such to be an unprincipled act. The Court, in its judicial wisdom, failed to perceive anything other than viciousness in the youth before it, and accordingly sentenced him to an unconscionably severe term at the Ingleside Jail—not to be corrected and saved for a life of usefulness, but rather to be further steeped in crime by being forced to herd with hardened criminals.

It was while at the Ingleside Jail that this poor boy was given his first novitiate course in the code of honor *per se* of the underworld. Instructors par excellent, stellar lights, specialists in the devious channels of crime, expounded their warped and distorted concepts of right and wrong. What a revolution; what a metamorphosis, was wrought in this young and plastic mind! He was told that the law and the minions of the law were his natural enemies, and that to oppose them, circumvent them, was the right and honorable thing to do, and that to commit an act of perjury in the defense of a member of the underworld—whether directly or indirectly concerned—was not only right but a noble thing to do. And likewise the reverse. For a member of the underworld to betray through treacherous collusion with the hounds

of the law a fellow-criminal, would bring down upon himself the doom certain to follow such an act. This proved to be the situation which later developed in the life of Oppenheimer, when he sat before the magistrate in that Oakland court room and listened to the traitorous testimony given against him by a former pal who had been promised consideration by a district attorney for services rendered the state.

And when the Judge droned out that 50-year sentence at hard labor in the sun-baked rock quarries of Folsom, everything went black before the eyes of this eighteen-year-old (?) boy. "Life," "Fifty years," "Forty years," "Ten years," finished the Judge's day's work, closing the first chapter of four young criminals. Thus was society protected. But let us see. Four young criminals, co-equally guilty; why this inconsistency?—fifty years and ten years. Did the youth who was given ten years offer some strong reason to influence the Judge in showing such leniency? No—on the contrary, he traded his damaging culpability of crime, the same to be used for the conviction of all four concerned; and for this Judas part he was given the thirty pieces of silver—ten years—as a reward.

Since the betrayal of Christ in Gethsemane, treachery has always been abhorrent to any right-minded person, whether done in a righteous or unrighteous cause, and I have always questioned in my mind the doubtful benefits resulting from such a procedure as has been established in our criminal practice. Oftentimes I have observed the vicious results of the hardened and confirmed criminal actually compounding a felony with a pliable district attorney for imparting secret information which would lead in establishing a case where conviction was possible. So it was in the case of Oppenheimer and his pals when they entered Folsom to begin the long years of grinding toil and mental and physical misery. All the elements which I heretofore have outlined prevailed in an aggravated state in this case.

The Judas of this quartet of underworldlings had signed his own death warrant the day he stood up and publicly proclaimed in the court the evidence which he traded against his pals. Henceforth the power, which we may call public opinion, of the underworld would deal

with him. He was an Ishmaelite: to be shunned as something vile, whose sentence sooner or later would be death.

To cite an illustration of the terrible seriousness of such an act or crime against the code of the underworld, I remember a case where the evidence of one criminal was used against the other, which resulted in the hanging of the latter. The traitor received a life sentence as part payment for hanging his pal. He went to Folsom Prison as a boy, lived there, I might say, endured a miserable existence, shunned and hated by all his fellow creatures in stripes.

Many years after, I entered the prison and, being a stranger, for the first few days, of course, I did not know who was who. The next morning after the doors were open I found myself standing close by a prisoner who stood aloof from all his kind. The question he addressed to me: "How much did yer bring?" was lost on me for the moment. A pair of lustreless eyes, bespeaking hopeless despair, which seemed to hunger for a kind word, completely arrested my attention. I never answered. A tug at my coat sleeve, and a hurried whisper, drew me away from the object standing alone. "Say, pal, you're a fresh fish. Don't yer git in wrong at the start. That moke is N. G. He scragged his partner, dogged it, sold him out to save his own dirty gizzard." That was all. It was underworld history, twenty years old; but the public opinion of the jail was as strong at Folsom against this poor weak victim as if it had happened just yesterday. The scragged partner had no immediate friend to avenge him, so time went on and this Ishmaelite was forced to live and endure the loss of caste—a death in life. The hanged man left a baby son in its mother's arms, who, at the threshold of youth, himself donned the stripes to serve a long turn in prison. Immediately the voice of the jail rang forth with a renewed and subtle meaning. The son of the victim of this traitor had grown to manhood and was there in prison within reach of the Judas. Why not avenge his father? For weeks and months this poor boy was swayed and his mind poisoned and embittered, until he could no longer resist the pressure exerted against him

to uphold the honor code of the underworld. A pal who had formed a friendship for this callow youth, seeing his indecision and realizing the unequal burden forced upon him, undertook to fight his battle. The traitor was killed in due time. For which chivalrous act in the defence of the youth, the friend was in turn hanged himself.

Thus Oppenheimer found himself encompassed by a difficult and serious situation. He, as a matter of fact, realized what would be expected of him, and, dread the issue as he might, to shirk his plain responsibility and fail to uphold the code honor of the underworld would mean ostracism as great, if not greater, than what his Judas pal was sure to suffer while he lived. This aspect of Oppenheimer's case has never been unfolded to the knowledge of the public. And herein rests a clear explanation of what but few can understand, namely, that Oppenheimer was on trial before the bar of public opinion—I use those words advisedly—the public opinion of the miniature world behind prison walls; and which is as strong and powerful as public opinion always is the world over.

The very knife which was to vindicate his honor was made and ground to a razor edge and thrust into his hand. The traitor, realizing his impending doom, secured a knife to defend himself as best he might. The day of the tragedy arrived. A few quick exchanges, the flashes of a gleaming blade, and the traitor lay gasping, his life's blood staining the stone flags of the prison corridor.

Even the very witnesses had beforehand been coached in their parts for Oppenheimer's defense. The trial, which lasted several days, resulted in eleven for hanging and one for life imprisonment. Dreading a hung jury, their verdict was life imprisonment.

Poor Oppenheimer—the victim of a distorted concept of public opinion, the honor of the underworld—stood face to face with a tragic future. Having committed a crime in one prison, he was remanded to the other prison, San Quentin, there to remain for the balance of his natural life, doomed to a prison cell. But a more horrible condition awaited him. His arrival at San Quen-

tin was the signal for a persecution the like of which had never before been witnessed. Word was sent down the line to "crush Oppenheimer"—that is, to speedily subject him to the most vicious forms of torture in order to "break his spirit" or kill him in the ordeal, thereby ridding the prison of a menace to order and discipline.

At the first opportunity, through an act of rank injustice on the part of a prison guard, Oppenheimer was punished unmercifully. Upon his release from the dungeon three months later, the same thing was repeated. The public opinion of the underworld still pursued Oppenheimer. The sinister voice of the jail uttered its disapproval of his forbearance. Again the ready knife was thrust into his grasp with encouraging words of approval to "be game" and "strike back."

This very same guard was the next to fall under the upraised knife hand of Oppenheimer. The prison was in turmoil. Gleeful chuckles of approval sounded in poor Oppenheimer's dazed ears.

His victim lived. The gallows was cheated, and so the weary treadmill grind went on. He was now doomed to the dungeon for life.

During the five long dreary years that I spent in the adjoining cell I learned many things from him—the story of his boyhood days, his hopes and ambitions, and how the threads had tangled in the skein of his life destiny, was pitiful indeed. Intervened at times with torture, often torture in the notorious bloody strait-jacket, I shudder even at this late date to remember the sounds, the groans and moans, that broke the silence of the solitary ward. He would escape, only to be discovered—which brought down upon him added tortures, until it seemed marvelous a human being could endure.

The state by this time had made a demon, and one whom henceforth it would be well to reckon with. No steel door seemed immune to his cunning. Now history was about to be made in the achievements of the criminal world. Oppenheimer accomplished the seemingly impossible. After many near attempts to gain freedom, he at last succeeded. With four cambric sewing needles he cut through the eight steel bars of his door and escaped from the solitary ward into the prison proper. This in-

credible task took nine months of patient effort. A trusty and several other prisoners tried to oppose him, one of whom in the struggle was assaulted. For this Oppenheimer was tried and, under a new law, sentenced to death. Again he was transferred—back to the old hell-hole he had first entered as a boy, only to be thrust into a dungeon to await the day of his doom.

That was six years ago—during which time this poor miserable man has suffered worse than a thousand deaths. And now the papers call him, gruesomely, the "tiger of the prison cage," and well they may. Poor Archie's experience in "The Turn of the Balance" was child's play in comparison to what Oppenheimer has endured. And now, as in Archie's case, the state must needs hang him, because, forsooth, it doesn't know what more to do.

A friendly warden, a man with ideas, seemed possessed of an inspiration. Yes, he would give him books, and, what was better still, he would give him light to read them; he would supply him with paper and pencils. The marvel! The Tiger ceased to snarl.

That was several years ago. As a result, the world will soon receive a volume, in the shape of an autobiography, which should rightfully be called the struggle of a human soul.

And, added to that, a book of epigrams which will prove a revelation to the reading world.

This only emphasizes with added interest the age-old adage that the worst possible use you can put a man to is to hang him.

* * *

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

SOFTENING THE HEART OF A CONVICT*

By JACOB OPPENHEIMER.

I GAZED at it with curiosity.

It was made of coarse canvas, was about four feet long, and on the sides had brass eyelets about four inches apart. On the inside of the jacket were two canvas pockets.

It was in the hand of "Give-a-dam," the guard. In his other hand he held a stout cord. Standing in the center of the cell "Give-a-dam" ordered me with an oath to put my arms into the pockets. Then he wrapped the canvas folds about me, and, inserting the cord through the eyelets, began lacing it tight across my back.

This accomplished, he jerked me off my feet and flung me face-down on the floor. He braced his foot against my back and laced the cord still tighter, until my breath came in short, hard gasps. Then he turned me over on my back and stood regarding me with a fiendish look of delight. Finally he said, turning to the warden:

"I've fixed him, Warden, as snug as a bug in a rug."

"We'll make a good job of him," replied the warden, a wicked smile overspreading his features. And with that comforting assurance they left me.

I have read in the course of the past four years, in various histories, of many modes of torture, such as breaking men's bones on the wheel, stretching them on racks, crushing their bones with heavy irons, placing heavy rocks on their chests, tearing their finger and toe-nails out with pincers, burning them with red-hot irons, flogging them with whips on the ends of which were tacks, cutting pieces of flesh from them, and pouring salt and vinegar on their wounds, covering their bodies with syrup and placing ants thereon to bite them, covering their hair with oil and setting fire to it, roasting their feet; toasting their hands, placing a barrel of water over their heads and letting it drop, drop by drop thereon, placing a rat inside an iron basin, tying it to the victim and letting the rat eat its way through the unfortunate's body, impaling him on sharp-pointed sticks, crucifying

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* Oppenheimer, about whose case Ed. Morell writes in this issue, describes his first experience with the straight-jacket, in which he was tortured for 110 hours.

him, burning him at the stake, dragging him to death, smothering him in an air-tight compartment, pot-heading him, tying him to limbs of trees to be pulled apart, burying him alive, stinging him to death, boiling him in oil, frightening him to death with horrible groans and demoniac magic-lantern pictures, sawing him in half between two boards, feeding him alive to sharks, throwing the tomahawk at his head and making him run the gauntlet, pricking him with needles, confining him with poisonous reptiles, ducking him, starving him to death, all of which is very terrible indeed. But no conceivable torture could be worse than the 110 hours' continuous compression in that canvas constrictor that I suffered—my first experience in the jacket that has killed and maimed many prisoners.

I had not been in it fifteen minutes when sharp needle-like pains began shooting through my fingers, hands and arms, which gradually extended to my shoulders. Within half an hour these pains shot back and forth like lightning. Cramping pains clutched my bowels; my breath pained with a hot, dry sensation; the brass rivets on one side ate into my flesh, and the cord ground into my back until the slightest movement, even breathing, was an added agony.

My head grew hot and feverish, and a burning thirst seized me which compelled me every few minutes to call the guard for water, whereupon I was slightly raised and the fluid poured down my throat.

As the hours and days passed the anguish became more and more unbearable. I slept neither night or day, and how slowly, especially at night, when all was silent in the prison, the hours dragged—as though weighted with lead!

The bodily excretions, over which I had no control in the canvas vice, ate into my bruised limbs, adding pain to pain. My fingers, hands and arms finally became numb, and paralyzing shocks stunned my brain.

Had I been offered a dose of poison I would have drunk it with gratitude.

Thus I suffered for four days and 14 hours incessantly.

At the conclusion of that period, the warden ordered

"Give-a-dam" to remove the jacket, which he did. Released from its pressure, I attempted to gain my feet, but was too weak. My limbs were temporarily paralyzed. Seeing my condition, "Give-a-dam" scowled, seized me by the shoulder, and jerked me to my feet. I leaned against the wall for support, and then, after a brief rest, reeled off to my cell, where I sank on my mattress in utter collapse and lay for a long time like a log.

After a time, mustering all my strength, I gained a sitting posture and finally managed to drag off my saturated clothes.

What a sight I beheld. My hands, arms and thighs were frightfully bruised and had all the colors of the rainbow. My body was shriveled like that of an old man, and a horrible stench came from it.

Crawling to the water bucket, I bathed the stinging bruises, and then, entirely exhausted, sank down on my mattress, covered myself with a blanket, and never rose from it for a week.

Some time later I learned from a reliable source that it had been the warden's intention to kill me in the strait-jacket, and that "Give-a-dam" was perfectly willing to act as the tool; but it seems the captain of the guards remonstrated with the warden, saying that if I died an investigation would in all probability be agitated by the Jewish people of San Francisco and a scandal follow. The warden gave the reluctant order to release me. I believe I owe my life that time to the fact that I am a Jew.

The public is so used to hearing of the straight-jacket's use for the protection of insane patients that it thinks of no torture connected with it. But the method of using the restraining jacket on the insane and its use in prison is vastly different.

In prison it is an instrument of hellish torture, and its very innocence of appearance serves to divert attention from it. Prisoners have been killed and crippled for life in the jacket. I know of four prisoners in San Quentin who in one year attempted suicide rather than be subjected to its tortures.

There are ways enough to punish a prisoner without resorting to such savage methods, and in my opinion

kindly treatment can more easily soften the heart of the most hardened criminal than all the straight-jackets that any man's devilish ingenuity ever manufactured.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF AN ANARCHIST PROPAGANDIST

IT HAS been suggested that to keep up the interest of the American people in revolutionary ideas it would be necessary to hang a revolutionist at least once a week. Exaggerated as this may seem, it is yet not far from the truth.

So long as the events in Los Angeles, emanating from the *Times* explosion, were at a high pitch, labor was ready for almost anything; but as the American workers in the past had always depended for action upon the signal from their leaders, they waited breathlessly for two years to be told what to do. And the leaders! They gave the signal all right enough, but it spelled: "Back to Rome! Back to obedience, back to the endless wait."

First was offered the excuse to save the McNamaras, even though they did not wish to be saved. Then it was for the sake of Clarence Darrow that they waited; for the 56 labor leaders in Indianapolis; for the sake of any and every petty excuse; and finally waiting became the ultimate aim, because the fires of rebellion had been burned out, and the people hurled back to the snail-like pace of inertia and cowardice.

This is borne out nowhere so much as in San Francisco, where the most radical of radicals in labor ranks have drawn in their horns. Whatever of the timid forces survive, are being spent on petty jurisdictional fights and useless wrangle of personal envy and jealousy. On the other hand, the few sincere individuals have lost hope and float with the tide.

Under such circumstances our stay in San Francisco could be naught but depressing, although our meetings were well attended and large quantities of literature disposed of. The most interesting meeting was at the Trades Building Temple, on "Syndicalism." The workers are like Catholics: they worship only at their own church, hence the large attendance at the Temple. The discussion entered into by all factions proved particu-

larly interesting because the political Socialist and the I. W. W. were the bitterest opponents to "Syndicalism."

History repeats itself. The I. W. W., but recently having gained recognition, are already fighting, as have all centralized movements and parties of the past, the very people that have helped them in every struggle. The I. W. W. are following suit, because, forsooth, Syndicalism may take away a few of their customers! But then, the historic mission of Anarchism is to come to the aid of every sincere economic struggle, regardless of the bigotry of any particular clique. However, it is interesting to note the tendency of centralization in a movement, leading, as it always does, to the exclusion of libertarian and revolutionary thought.

After the regular course of Propaganda lectures, one week was devoted to Drama Talks, which proved tremendously interesting. As a result of that, and partly also out of innocent rivalry with Los Angeles, I was asked to come back to San Francisco for a second course of Drama Lectures, a number of people having subscribed before we left that city.

However, "Coming Back" does not always prove practical, although it is very necessary in the life of a Propagandist. As I reported in the last issues of our magazine, 50 people in Los Angeles subscribed to a second course of the Drama. The sponsers of this project were Dr. F. Percival Gerson and Mrs. Gerson, two of the most charming and beautiful free spirits in Los Angeles. Deeply interested and sincere as they are themselves, they did not know how little promises count with a certain class of people, who dabble in all sorts of ideas, not because they are sincere, but because time hangs heavy on their hands.

Fortunately there exists in every city a small number of earnest people who make up in quality for the lack of quantity. Thus our return to Los Angeles proved worth while after all; besides there is the tremendous drawing power of Anarchism. What other philosophy of life would induce people to attend 35 lectures in five weeks, at an admission, without any sort of publicity and with but a few faithful comrades to help in the work? And how they worked! Charles T. Sprading, Ada Sprading, Rudi Wirth, Dr. A. W. Lumm, Morris Lisner,

F. E. Van Ceave, Dr. and Mrs. Gerson, and a number of other friends helped with the sale of tickets; and finally our old dear Irish rebel, Pat. Thanks to these good comrades, our work during the last three weeks proved a great joy to us; and, more than that, it taught us a great many things.

One of the most valuable lessons derived during our stay in Los Angeles is this: that people who are sincerely desirous of listening to a truth will never be deterred by place or cost. We of the European movement know how the most delicately-reared boys and girls would walk miles to the most deserted districts of cities in order to attend a meeting, who would sit for hours in dark, dismal rooms, inhaling putrid air for the sake of their ideal, It was this devotion, this ardor, this zeal, which made the revolutionary movement in European countries possible, and it is the lack of these traits that accounts for the lukewarm character of the movement in America. Americans, whether middle class or workers, hug their comforts too much to risk anything for their ideals; and unless you give them time, place and circumstances to suit their convenience, they cannot be roused. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion that those who will be deterred by locality or by other insignificant externalities from hearing a message will never gain anything vital or lasting from that message.

Being in Los Angeles during the month which marked the anniversary of the death of our beloved comrade, Voltairine de Cleyre, we came together to pay her tribute, and at the same time to interest people in the publication of her writings. The affair took place June 28th, and, while the attendance was not very large, it was spirited and dignified. W. C. Owen, Charles T. Sprading and myself spoke of the life and work of Voltairine. Her inspiring poem, the "Hurricane," was read by Bertha Fiske, and the music of George Edwards, composed for this poem, was played by Ollie Steedman Rossner. By the way, all our friends who can sing or play should not fail to get a copy of George Edwards's music from MOTHER EARTH office. It is not only very powerful, but very significant, because it marks the beginning of the revolutionary music in America by an American composer. Altogether the anniversary was very successful,

and has netted something to help publish the works of our dead comrade. A similar affair was held in San Francisco early last month.

After a week's rest, the first since we left New York, February 21st, we are to return to San Francisco for three weeks. The meetings will again take place at Jefferson Square Hall, 925 Golden Gate avenue, six Sunday Propaganda lectures, and nine "Drama Talks" will be held. Mail will reach us there.

August 3rd we open up in Portland, Oregon, for a week, at Alisky Hall, with two Sunday lectures, five "Drama Talks" during the week, and a debate.. August 10th, we begin in Seattle for two weeks. Place of meetings will be announced later.

The "Ups and Downs of an Anarchist Propagandist" are many, but they are the flavor of life, and prevent one from rusticating.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

INDIVIDUALISM*

PROFESSOR FITE has rendered the thinking world a signal service in the publication of this book. So far as my knowledge goes, he is the first to base a discussion of individualism and the rights and liberties of the individual primarily upon the extent of that individual's social consciousness. If no more conscious of (alive to) their relations to each other than are billiard balls, Prof. Fite argues that humans are entitled to only the rights of billiard balls as against one another.

Herbert Spencer gave us the biologic aspects of human society. In the opinion of many, he passed over the psychic aspect too lightly. To correct such oversight, Lester Ward wrote his "Psychic Factors of Civilization." But while Ward clearly demonstrated the importance of these factors, his vision was not always so clear as to their nature.

In this book on "Individualism," Prof. Fite's most important contribution to sociology is the clarity of his

* Four lectures on the Significance of Consciousness for Social Relations. By Warner Fite, Ph.D., professor of philosophy in Indiana University. Longmans.

statement as to the essential character of social and self consciousness. It now remains for some one to apply the methods of psycho-genetics to sociology to disclose the psychic imperative which determines the character of our social organism to the same extent that the biologic imperative is a determining factor of our physical organism.

As Prof. Fite sees it, the progressive individuation of a person by the enlargement of his social consciousness is in reality the creation of a new character which, by a psychological imperative all its own, becomes a new centre for the radiation of new forces in social evolution tending to produce results which otherwise could not be. He contrasts the idealistic as against the mechanical ("billiard ball") view of human relations.

Gravity inheres and operates in nature, independent of our knowledge of it. While totally ignorant of it, we can have no acknowledged claim to the "right" or "liberty" to use it to our advantage, and we hold toward it only the relation of inanimate things. It is the same with social forces and relations. These also inhere in the very nature of society, but we can not claim them as "natural rights" until conscious of their existence through a practical knowledge of social relations, and society can not intelligently acknowledge a claim of right until its members likewise have become socially conscious as to that right.

Hence a person becomes an individual in a conscious society only when and in so far as the consciousness of social relations is developed in him. This, however, is a radically different thing from a matter of mere sentimental sympathy. Individual claims of "right," Prof. Fite argues, find their only justification and acknowledgment in the relative clarity of the consciousness of social relations from which that conception of right arises.

Much of the book is devoted to a presentation of the meaning of consciousness. Degrees of intelligence are measured by the relative scope of social relations included within the individual's consciousness, and the author insists that we are free just to the extent that the development of social consciousness has made voluntary and deliberate adjustment of social relations relatively perfect—that is, with relatively full consciousness and rec-

ognition of the claims of all others. Absolute liberty can exist only at the extremes of social isolation from all conscious activities of others, where the social consciousness of each includes all that is comprehended in the social consciousness of all others. This latter is the Utopia of Anarchists wherein, by voluntary conscious adjustment, government would have no function to perform—an ideal that the mob, now so nearly devoid of any true social consciousness, does not easily comprehend. A period of fierce conflict in which individuals inevitably fail to understand each other because of their varying degrees of self and social consciousness, must precede such ideal conditions. We are evolving from the one toward the other extreme, our goal an Utopia which we constantly approach but never overtake.

Hence, we go through this series of conflicts in which the dominant persons make, as they have always made, government a mere tyrannous machine, by means of which they exploit those who are still less developed than themselves, and by violence suppress those whose social consciousness is too far in advance of their own to be rightly understood by them.

Prof. Fite is not a defender of the old order, nor a propogandist for any latest conception of progressivism. He is much more than these, for with keen psychological insight he interprets both. He has given the reading world a highly stimulating and instructive book, pointing the way of social betterment through development of the social consciousness in the individual and with emphasis always on the individual, showing that ultimately each successive form of legalized injustice must yield to the more enlightened demand of an ever-growing social consciousness and thus giving a rational basis for optimism in both the individualist and the determinist.

Prof, Fite's work is one to educate the educators, and is in no sense a book for babes.

A. T. HEIST.

WHY ANARCHISTS DON'T VOTE

By ELISEE RECLUS.

EVERYTHING that can be said about the suffrage may be summed up in a sentence.

To vote is to give up your own power.

To elect a master or many, for a long or short time, is to resign one's liberty.

Call it an absolute monarch, a constitutional king, or a simple M.P., the candidate that you raise to the throne, to the seat, or to the easy chair, he will always be your master. They are persons that you put "above" the law, since they have the power of making the laws, and because it is their mission to see that they are obeyed.

To vote is befitting of idiots.

It is as foolish as believing that men, of the same make as ourselves, will acquire in a moment, at the ringing of a bell, the knowledge and the understanding of everything. Of course it is so. Your elected person shall have to legislate on every subject under the moon; how a box of matches should or should not be made, or how to make war; how to improve the agriculture, or how best to kill a tribe of Arabs or a few Negroes. Probably you believe that their intelligence will grow in proportion to the variety of subjects they have to give their minds to; but history and experience teaches otherwise.

The possession of power has a maddening influence; parliaments have always wrought unhappiness.

In ruling assemblies, in a fatal manner, the will prevails of those below the average, both morally and intellectually.

To vote is to prepare shameful treachery and traitors.

Electors do certainly believe in the honesty of the candidates, and this is to a certain extent existing while the fervor and the heat of the contest remains.

But every day has its to-morrow. As soon as the conditions alter, likewise do men change. To-day your candidate bows humbly before your presence; to-morrow he will say "pish" to you. From a cadger of votes he has turned to be a master of yours.

How can a worker, enrolled by you amongst the rul-

ing class, be the same as before, since now he can speak in terms of equality with the other oppressors? Look at the servility of any one of them, written all over his face, after paying a call to a "captain of industry," or when the King invites him to the ante-chamber of his court!

The atmosphere of the "House" is not for deep breathing; it is corrupt. If you send one of yourselves in a foul place, you must not be surprised afterwards if he comes back in a rotten condition.

Therefore, do not part with your freedom.

Don't vote!

Instead of intrusting the defence of your interests to others, see to the matter by yourselves. Instead of trying to choose advisers that will guide you in future actions, do the thing yourselves, and do it now! Men of good will shall not have to look long in vain for the opportunity.

To put on others' shoulders the responsibility of one's actions is cowardice.

Don't vote!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE EGO

By CHARLES ABRELL.

THE ruling capitalistic class must of necessity ignore the results of scientific research in sociology and science at large, in so far as such research emphasizes the fundamental principle of social evolution. The working class, on the contrary, welcomes all scientific research and in this struggle of science with the capitalist class, science is bound to address itself more and more to the worker to gain recognition. The perfecting of trusts, the stifling of competition, hence invention, also tend to make the scientific and inventive mind a drug on the market, forcing it more and more in the ranks of the proletariat. As the field for active intellectual pursuit constantly narrows, it remains to a great extent latent, but always tending to drift towards expression urging its own emancipation. But this can be only possible by removing all obstacles which make intellectual effort a vassal to monetary interest of every

shade. Hence the emancipation of the working class, viz., the overthrow of capitalism, is paramount with the emancipation of the intellect, and for this very reason all movements which have for their goal the overthrow of the present system will attract the most powerful intellects.

In the struggle for existence—the expression of life as a force—man has been the best equipped and became the most dominant because of his mental superiority. The blind force of life, wedded to intelligence, engendered various forms of society of more or less vitality: barbarism, feudalism, medievalism, huntsmen, herdsmen, workmen; forms which were more or less antagonistic to each other, the resultant of their different relation to the force of life—struggle for existence—and intellectual niveau or expression. Thus capitalism, as a form of less resistance for the expression of life and intelligence, supporting a far greater number of same, superseded all other forms of society and tends speedily to become universal, while at the same time its higher developed form shows unmistakable signs of disintergration, leading to various socialistic and communistic forms, which in turn promise to be a more efficient expression of life and intelligence, the latter tending to dominate.

Since intelligence is so closely interwoven with the force of life—the physical struggle for man's existence nearing solution and various economic advantages through communistic forms being speedily recognized, the expression of the intellect comes to the fore. The intellectual capacities and differences of men are almost infinite. Freed from the physical struggle, which has hitherto dwarfed us, humanity will have opportunity for full unfoldment. Thus numerous societies and fraternities will be formed, of the most various type and aim, within the fold of which the long intuitively sought for individualism will come to consciousness. The Ego will come to its own.

THE TEAMSTER'S MINITSRY

ELIOT WHITE.

OVER the pavement of Eleventh Avenue, white with dust in the hot August afternoon, rumbles a huge truck for conveying beams and girders of structural steel.

It suggests the skeleton of a dinosaur, with its heavy square timber for a spine, connecting the two pairs of wheels, the rear ones being the larger, perhaps eight feet in diameter.

The load of beams is suspended in chains from the "spine," hanging near the ground, to avoid unnecessary elevation of such a weight.

The driver, an athletic, cleanly-built young negro, with a Truckmen's Union button in his slouch hat, pull the two leaders of his four-horse team toward the sidewalk, where a low iron watering-trough invites the thirsty lips and throats.

When the first pair have drunk their fill, he urges them forward, and they step carefully over the trough till the wheelers can reach it; but the cross-yoke of wood banded with iron, to which the collar chains of this pair are attached, prevents one of the horses from reaching the water with his fumbling nose.

The driver hurries to drag the bar out of the animal's way, and holds it across his knee resting on the trough's rim, until the gulping throat is satisfied.

His bare, muscular forearms, with full veins swelling under the burnished skin, are the same rich shade of brown as the horse's bay neck outstretched beside it to reach the water, and on his face all the time that the horse is drinking, rests a benignant unconscious smile, not far different from a mother's as she watches a babe eagerly drawing from her breast.

It is the most beautiful and moving sight that the city has rejoiced me with for a long time.

And as the handsome, kindly young teamster climbs back to his high seat, and gathering up his reins, skilfully brings his invigorated horses off the sidewalk again past the trough, till they resume their course down the shadeless, ugly thoroughfare, he leaves me standing long in gratitude for his ministry to the spirit not less real than the quenching of the animals' ardent thirst.

"RIDDANCE."

By A. G. WAGNER.

DISCORD and misery stalk about in our fair land, where there is destitution among abundance. It is an abnormal state of affairs, one not brought about by improvidence of the many and frugality of the few. But the many are poor and the few rich because of the prevailing order of human relationships.

Those who toil and supinely submit to being exploited by those who take advantage of legal arrangements are and must be miserable and poor. And it is these very workers who uphold a system which enables others to rob them.

Silly it is to attach blame to those who employ current rules for their benefit. Futile and absurd it is to look for redress and for social tranquility in an order that can only make for antagonism, unrest and misery.

Any and all forms of coercion engender compensating resentment. No matter if this violence is organized and called law and government, it is quite as baneful as any other form of barbarism.

A patriotic upholder of the existing order is quite within his rights when he robs his brother in accordance with the rules made and accepted. No improvement will or can come merely by having the under dog the upper. That would be a change, but no move for peace. The root of our trouble is the system inaugurated.

Our support and silly adherence to these absurd contrivances yields us what it does and should, and ought to eventually teach us to do way with what never did nor ever can bring about more rational conditions among the human family.

Fear of the law and punishment for infraction of same makes no men brotherly. Deterrent influences such as these are much overestimated.

So long as man does pin his faith and relies upon a system which never yet has fulfilled its purpose, he is unable to see that elimination of this cause which results in undesirable conditions is essential to social harmony and peace.

We cure nothing by treating symptoms. Effects spring from causes and will not abate while these causes obtain. No sense in asking what will be given in place of a malady. Sufficient to get rid of what's not liked. A natural and normal state and condition of man and for man is good enough. We have tried else and found it not to our liking. Let's get rid of something!

OUT in Southwest Texas, one can travel a whole day without seeing a human habitation or being stopped by a fence. Millions of acres of fertile farming land are lying waste, unexploited by human industry. Here are homes for the teeming millions of homeless ones, but it lies a desert waste, for the homeless ones never come. And why do they not come? Simply because every foot of this grand domain is held for speculative purposes by those who will not use the land themselves, and, like the dog in the manger, keep others from doing so, actuated only by the spirit of greed. This gigantic land monopoly represents a crime, perpetuated by the State government of Texas, which allowed this broad domain to become the private property of greedy speculators. Had the State held this land for the home seeker, with occupancy and use as the only title, it would to-day be filled with a teeming population.

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